# THE

# Dancing-School.

## WITH THE

# ADVENTURES

## OF THE

# Easter Holy-Days.

LONDON,
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# THE
# Dancing-School, &c.

IN the Week before *Easter*, when School-boys plead their old Charter of *Omnia Bene*, in opposition to the Tyrannical Injunction of *Buttock-Pennance*, inflicted according to the Arbitrary Wills of those Grammarian Monarchs, who Govern absolute in their Kingdoms of Instruction, who now, pursuant to an old Custome, submit to a Cessation of Birch Arms, by which they us'd to Rule, Awe, and Terrifie their Infant Subjects; and when Womens Taylors were as busie in Turning of old Gowns, and Repairing the Decay'd Ornaments of Maids, Wives, and Widows, to set them off, as Nature does the Season of the Year, to the best advantage, that they may walk with their Gallants to *Islington*, and there make as great a Consumption of Bottle-Ale and Plumb-Cakes, as ever was made of Pig, Pork, and prick'd Wines, during the Revels of St. *Bartholomew*: 'Twas then I found my Blood had acquir'd a pleasing warmth, and as it Circulated thro' its Channels, gave to each Vein a Voluntary Titillation, without either Female Dalliance, or the force of Imagination; that I began to be as Rampant as a Parsons Bull in the Spring, turn'd into new Pasture; and could think of nothing but fine Faces, Charming Bubbies, Plump Hips, Soft Bellies, Condescending Mo-Mo-Modicums, and such sort of strange Whimsies; that I found my self almost as Mad as Women Troubled with a *Fura Matricis*, and could not any longer be without the *Nocturnal*, as well as *Diurnal* Happiness of Female Conversation.

In order to Lawfully procure to my self this mistaken Blessing, which every Fool Admires till he Enjoys, and Enjoys till he Despises, I began to consider the easiest and most probable means of obtaining this delightful Fangle, or Modish Bauble, call'd a Woman; and such an one as a Man might be Content to be Plagu'd with all days of his Life, for the sake only of the Old Trade of Basket-making; at last, I made this Result, from some hours Deliberation, That the common Method Citizens take to be made *Cuckolds*, might be as ready a Road to *Matrimony*, as any Man could think on: Upon which I bought me about two Pound and a half of *Wig*, two or three Ells of *Cravat*, had a Gold Hat-band Stich'd cross the Crown of my *Hat*, and the Frogs of my Belt let down as low as the Rowls of my Stockins: Thus at a few Guineas Expence, made my self as pretty a Fool in Fashion, as any's to be seen at *Fop's Coffee-house*, or amongst the Audience at a New Play.

When

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When thus Equip'd, it being a great Ball-Week, I had recourſe to a Dancing-School, which I thought was the beſt Rendeſvouz of willing Tits, that a Man under my Circumſtance could deſire to ſhake his Breech amongſt, by a little Seal'd Warrant, commonly call'd a Ticket, which I had procur'd from the Lord *Caperer Paramount*, of *Currant*, *Minuet*, and *Bory*; I obtain'd admittance, Crowding in with a parcel of Grave Matrons, who had left their Husbands at home, ſome to keep Shop, and othres to keep Bars, whilſt themſelves became Spectators of their pretty Daughters Perfections. I had not been long ſettled amidſt the Motherly Aſſembly of *Cheapſide-Quality*, but I found my ſelf as Warm as a *Dutch* Womans Honour, when a Stove's under her Petticoats; being quickly brought into ſuch a fine Breathing Sweat, that I began to be much about as eaſie under the Heat, as a new Marry'd Man under Matrimony at Midſummer, that like him what I expected would have prov'd a Pleaſure, I found now to be down-right Drudgery; as ſoon as the Room was fully furniſh'd with fine Ladys, who were rang'd by the Maſter of the Revels, in as regular an order, as Painted Gallipots in an Apothecary's Shop; the pretty Female Poppets who were to Entertain the Company with ſome new French Figaries, and feats of Activity, were Uſher'd into Publick View, adorn'd with precious Stones, collected from ſeveral parts of the Town, to ſet off their Nurſery of *Bellfa*'s to the beſt Advantage; who came in by two, and two, as exactly Pair'd as ever I ſaw Coach Horſes; and droping their Honours to the Aſſembly, mov'd croſs the Room to their Places, as Formal, and as Stiff, as Figures in a *Raree-ſhow*, or a Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, going to deliver an Adreſs to ſhow the City's Loyalty; ſeveral Branches as well as Sconces of Candles being lighted, and the Room being Cramm'd as full of Company, as St. *Brides* Church, upon a *Spittle* Pſalm at *Eaſter*, or an Anthem on *Cicelia*'s Day: The Schollars being rang'd upon Forms or Shelves in ſeveral Degrees, one above another, the biggeſt being ſeated uppermoſt, like the great Diſhes in a Kitchen above the Plates; but were ſo mightily infected with the Green Sickneſs, that the paleneſs of their Faces made their Heads look in rows like the Poor's Whiteloaves in a Church: A Concert of *Coleyard-Muſick* was thruſt up into a Bow-Window, where they ſat thraſhing of *Minuets* and *Bories*, till their Faces Rain'd Sweat upon their Papers and their Inſtruments, and made 'em look with as good a Gloſs, as if they had been new Varniſh'd; but ſtoping the Pores of the Wood, ſo Damp'd the ſound, that had they ſtrung up an old Butter-firkin for a Baſe, and made their Trebles of *Lignum Vitæ*, they could not have impos'd a worſe Sound upon the Ears of the Audience than they did: I look'd about me, like a Beau in a Play-Houſe, to take a general Survey of the Ladies round me, and thought my ſelf as happy in my Company, as the Great *Turk* amidſt his Seraglio, and pleas'd my ſelf with the Thoughts of having the Power to chooſe any one out of the Fair Number.

All things being now in order to begin to ſhow, Monſieur *Shake-legs* Faces about to his fair Company of Female Pupils, whom he had brought under ſuch Diſcipline, that at one Word of Command, they advanc'd forward from their Seats, ſeeming all to be as ready to put themſelves upon

a Gallop, as ſo many Poſt Horſes; when they had put themſelves in a Ring, like ſo many Country People going to Play at *Drop-Glove*, very conciſe Orders were diſpatch'd to the Liſtening Crowdero's to play the *Brawles*; which being done, the Cock led up the Chickens, and away they ſcoured Round the Room after one another as if they were playing at *Train-Tro*; at which kind of Sport they continued till they had tired the Company, much worſe than themſelves, before they chang'd into Variety; and than we had as many Changes given us upon *Currant*, *Bory Minuet*, and *Jig*, as could be rung upon four Bells, now and then intermix'd with a Figure-Dance, where they look'd like ſo many Girles running the Mazes in *Tuttle-Fields*, and ſhe that run thro' with the leaſt faults, ſhould have a Ginger-Bread Husband for her Reward: Every Dance I perceiv'd, prov'd an excellent *Sudorifick* to the Maſter, who now look'd as Red in the Face, as if his Head had Bluſh'd for his Heels, and that he thought in his own Conſcience, it was too Effeminate a Profeſſion to raiſe a Man to the Dignity of *Lord-Mayor*, or to be the Study of a *Philoſopher*, that had any Guts in his Brains, to make himſelf Learned in the ſundry Motions and Meaſures of the Foot. I could not forbear thinking it might be properly enough ſaid, that a *Dancing-Maſter*, is the only Creature in the Creation that Walks with his Heels upwards; for no doubt on't, for the great Service they do him, he prefers them in his own Opinion above his Head; and things are to Mankind, not as they really are, but as we make 'em, and believe 'em.

By this time, ſome Brother Profeſſors of the Step, were hopp'd into his Aſſiſtance, and gave him the Opportunity of retiring, partly thro' Oſtentation, and partly for refreſhment, to change his Dancing Accouterments, and Entertain the Eyes of the Spectators with a new piece of Prodigality; making his Re-Entrance as freſh upon the Stage of his Theatre in *Epitomy*, as a *Lincolns-Inn-Field Wraſtler*, after he has recover'd new Vigour from the Sucking of two or three *China Oranges*; and then amongſt 'em the poor Girles were ſo throughly Exercis'd, that ſome of them began to hobble like a Woman juſt lifted off a Horſe-back, who has loſt Leather by the Fatigue of a long Journey. The Candles now began, for want of Snuffing, to burn as dim as if the Room had been Haunted with Evil Spirits, ſo that there was a ſhort Ceſſation of Dancing for a time; and the Activity of the Foot was forc'd to give way to the Imployment of the Hands, which Danc'd round the Branches with ſuch wonderful Expedition, that I could not forbear thinking the Man that Snuff'd the Candles, was as great a Proficient in his way, as he that had hired him for that purpoſe; in every Interval the Quarteridges flow'd ſo faſt into the Maſters Pocket, that the Money chinck'd as he Caper'd, almoſt as loud as the Bells of a *Morice-Dancer*, when he is hopping about the Hay; and I ſuppoſe, was much Pleaſanter Muſick to his Ears, than that he Danc'd to. The Tattles of the Motherly Spectators, began now to ſwell into great Emulation, every one giving her own Female Offſpring ſo large a Character of the ſweet humour and Diſpoſition of her Child, that it is ſcarce to be Credited; and ſo highly Commended the Docibility of the poor Lamb, that ſhe had not gone to School above a Fortnight, but ſhe begun and made her Father a Band of as good Point as

ever was brought from *Venice*. *Ay truly, I believe in my Conſcience, 'tis one of the Tractableſt Children, I muſt ſay that for her, that ever poor Woman brought into the World; and truly, as long as I and her Father are able to give it her, ſhe ſhall want no Education to make her a Gentlewoman; for tho' we Sell Ale, 'tis true, yet, we bleſs God for it, we get our Money as Honeſtly, and Enjoy our ſelves as Comfortably as any People in our Station throughout the whole Pariſh, Marry do we, and I don't know why, if we are able, we ſhould not give our Children as good Breeding as any Body. Truly Neighbour,* ſays another, *You're of my Mind, I declare it, for what ever ſhift I make upon my own Account, my Children ſhall Learn their Haviours, and not be Bred up Clowns, like* Dorothy Mopſly, *or* Sarah Varges, *that hang down their Heads when they come amongſt Strangers, as if they were Bred in a* Hogſty; *and look ſo Sheepiſhly as if they could not ſay Bo to a Gooſe, when they meet him; or had not Confidence enough to ſit a minute upon a Lovers Knee, that Courts 'em in the way of Civility.* Such ſort of Talk as this, fill'd up the ſpace of every Interval; the Maſter of the Ceremonies, full of Patience and Low Bows, ſubmiting to the reproofs of ſome Mothers, who were Jealous of his Care and Diligence to their Children, aſcribing their Daughters Dullneſs and Natural Defects, to their Maſters Negligence, the Doting Mother being as unable to diſcern the Faults and Impediments of her own Progeny, as the Loving Cuckold is to believe the Failings of his Wife; others ſo Extravagantly Opinionated of their Daughters Performances, that the poor Wretch muſt be made a Slave to the Folly of her Parent, and be call'd upon every minute to Anſwer by a dull Repetition of her Excellencies, either the Pride of her Mother, or Vanity of her Maſter, ſhe being, 'tis likely, in the Thoughts of both, no ſmall Credit to him that taught the pretty Dancer, as well as ſhe that bore the pretty Miſs.

The reſt of the Spectators, as well as my ſelf, began now, I believe, to be pretty well tired with the dull Swimming, and Capering, of ev'ry Sweating Salatrix. The whole Company being made as hot and as wet, by Crowding ſo cloſe, and Sucking in one anothers Breaths, that had a Batch of hot Rye-Bread been Anointed with Whey-Butter, juſt under our Noſes, they could not have prov'd a Sourer Noſegay, than what ſprang out of the Pores of the Melting Aſſembly, during the Time we were under this uneaſie Confinement; for there was no ſtirring without a general Conſent; People were thumping at the Door, as if Diſtracted, for admittance, like ſo many Batchelours ſtrugling to Enter into the State of Matrimony, not at all conſidering the wonderful Inconveniencies the many People were under, who had fallen into it already, and would as gladly get out on't, could they break thoſe Eccleſiaſtical Fetters which bind them to their Bargains.

At laſt the Door being opened to let out ſome-body, who was, or at leaſt plaid the Hypocrite for their Eaſe, and pretended to be Fainting, In broke a Rabble of People from without, of all Ages, both Sexes, and divers Qualities, from the *Inns-of-Court Clark*, to the *Footman*, and the *Town-Lady*, to the *Tavern Kitchen-Wench*, that like ſo many Wheat Eares cramm'd into a *Tunbridge* Pye, we Stew'd, Cocks and Hens together, till we were throughly Bak'd in our own Fat and Gravy. This diſorder, to the

the great ſatisfaction of all thoſe who had been long Sitters, was ſome occaſion of ſhortning our Pennance; ſo that the remainder of our Fooleries was order'd, firſt to be a Figure and a Song; and then the whole Entertainment to be turn'd up in a few Country Dances, that the Ladies, I ſuppoſe, might Couple themſelves at laſt with Partners, who at leaſt would be ſo Civil to ſee them ſafe Home to their ſeveral Habitations, if not make an Amour to 'em, and give 'em ſome Hopes of a further ſatisfaction: The Song that they Sung was, I ſuppoſe, in Praiſe of Singing and Dancing; there was ſomething in't, of *Come let's Trip it o'er the Plain, And Sing and Dance a Main*, or ſuch ſort of ſtuff, which I don't think worth Repreſenting to the Reader: I have given inſtead, one of my own as applicable to the purpoſe, which I hope will give him greater Diverſion.

## A *Song upon* Dancing.

*DAncing was firſt a Maggot Bred,*
*In ſome* Muſicians *Crazy Head:*
*When Ripe, being Slip'ry as an* Eel,
*It ſlid from thence, into his Heel;*
*And there it to this Day remains,*
*Having no further need of Brains;*
*Making 'em Skip with Nimble force,*
*As* Eels *i'th' Belly of a* Horſe:
*Which* Jockies *uſe each Market-Day,*
*To make 'em Dance, as People ſay.*

*Who Teach this ſlight of Foot in Schools*
*Great Rev'rence pay to Single Souls:*
*And little Friendſhip have for thoſe,*
*Who always deal in double Shoes.*
*Some Men by Learned Heads grow Great,*
*But they advanc'd are by their Feet,*
*The Grandure of the World Deſpiſe,*
*And ne'er above a Caper Riſe:*
*And when all's done, their formal Steps and Scrapes,*
*Makes Women* Lucifers, *and Men but* Apes.

Their Song, inſtead of mine, being ended, as ſcurvily out of the Key, as an *Epithalamium* ſung by a Conſort of Stroling Fidlers under a Bridegrooms Chamber-Window. The Word was no ſooner given for Country Dances, but away ſcour'd an Auxiliary Troop of *London*-Prentices croſs the Room, made an on-ſet upon the Ladies, as if they had been going *Vi et Armis*, to Commit a Rape upon the whole Female Convention; And when every one had choſe a Mate, as Birds upon a *Valentines* Day, *Green Sleeves and Pudding-Pies* was Order'd to be ſtruck up, and away they mov'd in Couples after the Maſter; who led up the Dance, like ſo many Hounds following the Heels of a Huntſman, and ſhook their Breeches, with as much ſeeming ſatisfaction to both Sexes concern'd

cern'd, as ſo many Faries could poſſibly Enjoy in a Midnight Dance, upon a Lonely Plain in the Moon-ſhine.

By this time I was thoroughly tired, as ever was poor God-Father at a Chriſtening, and having next to me a pretty kind of a Woman, at the full Age of Maturity; who look'd Modeſt enough, as times go, to refuſe a Man to be a Miſtreſs, without a very cloſe Siege, long Fatigue, large Expence, laviſh Promiſes, and the like; which I had no great Mind to be at the Trouble of, but rather to Endeavour to Diſcover whether ſhe had Virtue and Money enough, anſwerable to her outward Perfections, to make a Wife on: Accordingly I withdrew my Eyes from the Dancers, and apply'd a Succeeding Number of Affectionate Glances to my Charming Neighbour, as the beſt Preface I thought I could uſe to my following Solicitations, conſidering our Looks render our Paſſions as Intelligible as Words, and oftentimes leave behind 'em a far deeper Impreſſion. When I had practiſed this ſort of Ogling for a few Minutes, and gave her Signal Reaſons to believe my Eyes meant ſomething which my Modeſty hitherto, or ſome other Difficiency, had hinder'd my Tongue from more plainly Expreſſing, I began to break out into ſuch ſort of Impertinence, as Lovers uſually Preamble with to introduce an Amour, to which ſhe gave her Attention, with as Modeſt an Indifference as becomes a Woman of Diſcretion.

This Heighten'd the good Opinion I had conceiv'd, tho' it put me to a greater puzzle to find Talk to Entertain her; for the leſs free a Woman is, the more it puts a Man upon his Guard, and gives him the Trouble of Placing his Words under greater Diſcipline, for fear he ſhould be Laugh'd at; it being Natural for Perſons who ſay but little, to obſerve much, and take the greater Advantage of others Failings. At laſt I proceeded to an Encomium on her Beauty, which I found after the firſt Trembling on-ſet, had inſpir'd me with ſuch Eloquence that my Fancy Soar'd to more Hyperbole's than ever were ſtuff'd into an Academy of Compliments: Theſe I perceiv'd gave the Eares of my new unknown Miſtreſs a little Titillation, and made her begin to Talk as faſt in Contradiction of my Flatteries, as ſhe term'd 'em, as I could find words to Exhibit thoſe Sentiments which the ſeeming Innocence of her Charms had influenc'd me to conceive of her pretty Perſon.

By this time, being as much pleas'd with her Witty Converſation, as I was before with her outward Appearances; I began to preſs hard to inform me by which of theſe three Titles ſhe diſtinguiſh'd herſelf, *viz. Maid*, *Wife*, or *Widdow*; conſidering with my ſelf, in this Ripe and forward Age, ſhe was ſcarce Young enough to be the former, and full Old enough to be either of the latter; at laſt after much Paths and Entreaties, I extorted a Confeſſion of her Circumſtance, from her Sweet and Alluring Lips, which was attended with ſo Innocent a Bluſh, when ſhe told me *a Maid*, that none could have expreſt, but ſhe that deſerv'd the Title. Having thus far proceeded to my Satisfaction, I had great hopes ſhe would prove in reality, what her Carriage, as well as own report, repreſented her to be; and now chang'd the former method of my Talk, into importunities

portunies of waiting on her Home, to Protect her from the Accidents and Insolencies of the Night, so Beautiful a Creature was liable to in the Street; which after many Humble Solicitations, as well as Arguments, I prevail'd with her to Consent to: My Happiness now began to swell in Proportion to the Favour she had granted me, reflecting at the same time on her Sweet Beauty and Deportment to heighten the Obligation, till I was grown as over-Joyful at these my first Successes, as a Young Counsel that had carry'd a Cause, or a Young Duellist that had Disarm'd his Adversary.

By this time the Dancers having tired their Legs, as much at their Pastime, as the Fidlers had their Arms in Playing to 'em, the Master changing his *Spanish*-Leather Shooes, for *French*-Wax, and the City Beaus having buckled on their Street-Travelling *Neats*-Leather, and put their Pumps into their Pockets, whilst the Ticklers of Cats Guts were Bagging and Casing up their Musical Handsaws, together with their instruments, and the Dancing Masters Equipage, were Poisoning out the Company by Extinguishing the Lights, and saving the Candles-Ends, to show their Masters good Husbandry; so that the People began to Crowd out as fast into the Air for Refreshment, as they Throng'd in for Diversion; till it came to my Mistresses turn and mine, to relieve our Nostrils from a mixture of ill Scents, and squeez our selves out of the Door, thro' which Men, Women, and Children, Ebb'd out as fast as Water thro' *London-Bridge* at a Spring Tide; till at last without use of our Legs, we were carry'd into the Street with the force of the Current, like a Chip along a Kennel after a Showr of Rain; where I call'd a Coach, and handed her in with as much Delight, as ever an Old Miser thrust Gold into his Hoard, or a Usurer a Bond and Judgment into the Drawer of his Closet. I now improv'd every minute to the utmost, and was so all over Love, that I was afraid the Flame in my Breast, would have Consum'd my willing Carcase in as little time as Fire does a Brush Faggot, in a Tavern: I now having gather'd from her, who she was, and where she Liv'd, and a Promise of her Company on *Easter-Monday*, upon large Protestations of my Civil Behaviour towards her, which she had ty'd me up to, with all imaginable Strictness; and setting her down at the distance she requested from the Habitation of her Friends, I Modestly wish'd her all Happiness, till our next merry Meeting according to appointment; and so we parted.

I was mighty well pleas'd with reflecting, on the fair Progress I had thus succesfully made in my new Intrigue: Which according to the good Opinion I was willing to have of my pretty Mistress, I thought well worth Mannaging, and resolv'd with my self, since I had made so fair a Beginning, I would pursue it to some End or other, without foul reasons to the Contrary.

Having thus parted with my *Cherubimical* Acquaintance, I retir'd home to my Lodging, being under too great an Amorous Inflamation for any thing to cool, as I thought, but a secure possession of her sweet Embraces, and Dilectable Conversation; of which I had such extravagant Conceptions, that I had rais'd her Perfections in my Opinion above

Humanity. Sleep, which we find by experience is the beſt and moſt Natural Relief for an Intoxicated Mortal, under the Enchantments of *Bacchus*, had no manner of Effect upon my more dangerous Diſtemper, *Love*; for when I aroſe in the Morning, after a Nights repoſe, I found as great a refreſhment of my *Paſſion*, as I did of my *Body*; and could foreſee no other meaſures to prevent the re-encreaſe, or check the violence of my Flame, but the means Nature has appointed for the relief of both Sexes under ſo intollerable a Condition. I therefore thought it neceſſary to employ Loves common Confident, the Pen, and try if the truſty Conveyance of my Affection by a Letter, might not be a means of kindling the like Deſires in my new-found Angel, which her prevailing Beauty had rais'd in her Languiſhing Admirer to ſo Superlative a Degree. Accordingly I adjourn'd from home, to the next Coffee-houſe, where, after I had wiſh'd her all Happineſs, equal to her Perfection, in a large Glaſs of cold *Tea*, which I accounted the beſt Liquor to inſpire a young Lover, with extravagant Thoughts and apt Phraſes, for the diſcovery of ſo ſtubborn a Diſeaſe; which nothing could *palliate*, but her *Company*; and nothing *Cure*, but the *Embraces* of her who had thus infected me; I apply'd Pen to Paper, and diſpatch'd this following Epiſtle to the Lady; which, becauſe I found her wittily inclin'd, I digeſted into a Comical Stile, that ſhe might at once be Diverted with my Letter, and pleas'd with her own Conqueſt.

Madam,

*AS ſure as ever a* Rattle-Snake *with his* Eyes *ever tempted a* Squirrel *to drop into his* Mouth, *ſo ſure am I enchanted with the Luſtre of your fair Features, that I could tumble into yours, were it but big enough to hold me. Had not the Promiſe you have made me, to ſee me next* Monday *Morning, given me as great aſſurance of being once more happy, as ever poor* Cuckold *had of being always Miſerable, if he has a handſome Woman to his Wife, and wants patience to bear with her; I ſhould as certainly have run ſtark-mad, thro' deſpair of your Company, as ever was* Old Maid, *that had married an* Eunuch, *or an Old* Gazette-Monger, *that had loſt his* Spectacles *As your Beauty has made me burn like a* Taylors-Gooſe, *juſt fetch'd home from an* Ale-houſe Kitchen, *ſo uſe me, Dear Madam, that I may preſs down the Seam of your Perfections; that my Weight, together with my Warmth, may lay 'em all as flat as a Flounder. I have as little to ſay to recommend my ſelf to your Favours, as a Modern Poet has in the defence of an old Verſion of the Pſalms: But only that* I *Love, Honour, and Adore you, as much as ever an old doting Fool did Antiquities, or more than my Lord-Mayors Sword-Bearer does Cuſtard. I therefore hope in time you will think I have as juſt a Title to your Affections as an honeſt Man has to a good Name, or an Old Scold to a Ducking-Stool. And if you, moſt* Salutiferous *Lady, will, upon the Receit hereof, vouchſafe but to admit me into one Corner of your Affections, I do Promiſe, Vow, and Swear, with as much ſincerity as ever a* Scotch-man *took the* Covenant, *that I will always be as conſtant to you, as a She-*Hypocrite *is to her* Prayers; *and cling as cloſe to your dear ſides, as a* Virginia-*Creeper to the Walls of an old Fabrick. I hope, moſt Angelical Comfortreſs, theſe merry Motives will induce you to* Compaſſion *as well as Laughter;*

*Laughter; and tho' they are delivered as if in* Jeſt, *pray take 'em in* Earneſt, *and believe for this once, a Man may Love you without expreſſing it in the old Stile of* Hanging *and* Drowning. *Therefore if this Method won't take with you, let me know it in an anſwer, and my next Addreſs ſhall be Collected out of the laſt Dying Speeches in the Book of Martyrs. But till I find you affect* Weeping *rather than* Laughing, *and are ſooner to be* Frighted *into Pity, than* Jeſted *into Gratitude, I ſhall ſtill proceed to gain your good Opinion, as* Bartholemew-Fair *Players do to pleaſe their Audience, more by* Farce *and* Jocularity, *than* Tragedy *and* Fine Speeches. *So hoping as much for a kind Anſwer, and a Performance of your Word, as ever* Seamen *did for a* Fair Wind, *or a* Hackny Coach-man *for* Foul-Weather; *I Remain, but not Reſt,*

Your moſt Importunate Phylocrates,

*T. D.*

Having thus concluded this firſt Draught of Affection, I call'd for one of Loves Meſſengers, a Porter, and diſpatch'd him to my Lady, expecting no Anſwer by the Bearer; believing ſhe would take more time to Deliberate on the matter: My new method of Courtſhip, being enough to ſurprize any Woman at firſt Sight, who had not been accuſtom'd to ſo Comical a Dialect; the Nimble Footed Emiſſary, having ſucceſsfully diſcharg'd his Buſineſs, made a ſpeedy return with a ſatisfactory Anſwer, by Word of Mouth; which was, That I ſhould hear further from her in the Afternoon; till which time, I was as uneaſie as an Offender at the Bar, during the Abſence of the Jury to Conſult their Verdict, Labouring under as many various and Oppoſite Suggeſtions, and Deluſions as a true Cocker at a Cock Match, fancying one Minute would go for me, another Minute againſt me; ſometimes that ſhe'd be pleas'd with my Letter; ſometimes that ſhe'd be Angry; and under this ſublunary Frenzy I remain'd till I was better ſatisfi'd by her Anſwer: Having no more Stomach to my Dinner, than a Woman has to her Breakfaſt that Morning ſhe's to be Marry'd.

At laſt, after being thro'ly tir'd with a tedious Expectancy, as all People are, who ſtand Gaping for a Bleſſing of which they are doubtful, in comes a Letter to my Lodging by the Peny-Poſt; where I ſat waiting with as much Impatience, as an Old Fool in a Coffee-houſe, tarrying for a News Letter, upon the ſurrender of a Town; or the *French* Kings Dying of his *Fiſtula* in *Ano.* When I had got the little Billet in my Hand, I Trembled like a *Kentiſh Yeoman*, Troubl'd with a *Tertian Ague*; at laſt took Courage, like a Young Lover, about to attack his Miſtreſſes Virginity. And after I had Kiſt it three or four times, in reſpect to the fair Hand that had compil'd the Manuſcript; I open'd the Seal, and let my ſelf boldly into the Secret, which I expected in a great Meaſure, would prove a *Vera Copia* of my Miſtreſſes Inclinations: A Recital of which, I ſhall proceed to give you, as follows.

Sir,

Sir,

SInce you ſeem to compare me to a Rattle-Snake, I wonder you ſhould expreſs ſuch a Willingneſs to receive me into your Boſome; and indeed, could I think you like a Squirrel, I ſhould be very fearfull to give you any admittance into my Affections, ſince I have often heard, a Squirrel is a Creature who covers his Back with his Tail. Or am I a Woman that can Gape ſo wide, as to ſwallow any ſuch Windfalls? In the ſucceeding Sentence, you ſay ſomething of a Cuckold, if you think your Stars have decreed you to be the Monſter you talk on, I deſire you would trouble your ſelf no further; for I ſhould hate a Husband with Horns, were they even of my own Grafting; and therefore I deſire you would apply your ſelf to ſome-body more proper for your purpoſe. The old Maid that has Marry'd an Eunuch, I am heartily ſorry for her; as for my part, I hope you can ſee by my Looks I am none of the one, and if you find your ſelf the other, I deſire you would reſt your ſelf contented, and think no more of a Wife, than a Blind-man ought to do of Spectacles: For why ſhould a Man have the Vanity to covet that which its impoſſible he ſhould uſe when he has got it in poſſeſſion? Therefore I adviſe you as a Friend, if you are in any ſuch condition, to turn your Back upon Matrimony, and think no more of a Wife, then a Lawyer Cares to do of the next World; or a Cittizen, of Horn-Fair. I am ſorry my Eyes have put you into the Condition of a Taylors-Gooſe, if you had not Cackled I ſhould never have known it; and ſince you could not keep your ſelf Two Days under your Diſtemper without divulging it, I am fearful if I ſhould Adminiſter to you the Remedy I believe you want, you could never conceal the Cure. You acknowledge you have nothing to recommend you to my Affections; and I muſt honeſtly confeſs, for I hate Flattery, He that has nothing to ſay for himſelf, or can nothing do to oblige his Miſtreſs to Love him, is a Man likely to procure but a ſmall ſhare in my Affections; for I can never Eſteem a Man much, that is furniſh'd with ſo little. In the next place, you inſiſt upon a Title which you plead to my affections, which I cannot reconcile to your foregoing acknowledgment; For how can a Man have a Title to any Womans Eſteem, when he has nothing to Recommend him? You promiſe me, like a good Hearty Lover, if I admit you into my Favour, you'll be as Conſtant to me, as a Hypocrite to her Prayers. In anſwer to which High-flown Compliment, I think my ſelf Oblig'd to do you juſt as much good, as Prayers do ſuch a Hyppocrite. You tell me alſo, you'll ſtick as cloſe to me as a Virginia-Creeper to an Old Fabrick; ſince you are ſo very Compleſant to make an Old Wall of me, tis but juſt Reaſon you ſhould find my Heart as Obdurate, as a Brickbat. You deſire me, what you have ſpoke in Jeſt, that I would take in Earneſt: I like not ſuch a method of Conſtruction; for if I ſhould Encourage you in good Earneſt, by the ſame Rule, I ſuppoſe you would make a Jeſt on't. As for the Old Stile of Hanging and Drowning, I think they are both too ſhameful Deaths for a Lover to make mention of; and the poor Spirited Wretch who had no more Wit than to do either for a Miſtreſs, I ſhould think had never Courage enough to win one; for nothing but Cowardice is the Cauſe of Deſpair; and a Contemptible Death is but the juſt reward of Cowardiſe: So as for your Book of Martyrs you may keep it for a better uſe, for the moſt Religious are now a days grown more wiſe than to follow their Examples; and as for Lovers in this Age, I would not have 'em pretend to't. I like your Drolling Method of Courtſhip much better, and ſhould

much

*much rather play the part of a Comick Stage-Lover in Jeſt, than prove your ſelf a Tragick Fool in good Earneſt, of which I am very ſenſible there's no great danger. According to my Promiſe, I will meet you at the place appointed, where I expect, according to yours, I ſhall meet with nothing but Civility, and you will Oblige,*

Your Servant,

*M. L.*

Whether I had reaſon to like or diſlike this pert Anſwer to my Letter, I'll leave the Reader to judge; I conn'd it over and over, as often as a young Prieſt does a Sermon, he deſigns to Preach without Book; and was mightily pleas'd to find my Miſtreſs ſo witty; I hugg'd and Kiſs'd it with as much pleaſure as a *Monkey* would a *Kitten*, or an *Old Woman* her *Grand-child*; and was ſo wonderful fond of this new Favour, that I could have ſwallow'd it, as people do Charms, for an Ague, had it not been a diſhonour to ſo ſweet an Epiſtle, to have been converted into a S—ce. I open'd it, and ſhut it, as often in a Day, as a *Beau* does his Snuſh-Box; and could no more think of Eating and Drinking till I ſee her again, than a Crying-out-Woman can of Copulation in the heighth of her Labour. In this kind of Intoxicated Condition, drunk between Love and Joy, I remain'd till the *Monday* Morning in *Eaſter* Week, when near the time of meeting, I poſted to the place appointed, with as good a Will as ever a Coward run from danger, or a Fool into it: where I had not ſpent above as much time as a luſty Fellow requires to beget a Charge to the Pariſh, but in comes my Lady, with ſuch an Awful Preſence, that the ſight of her, as powerful as the Wind of a Cannon Bullet, had like to have knock'd me backwards, and ſtruck me as dumb, that I was no more able to deliver the fine Speech I intended for her, without abundance of Heſitation, than *Jockimo* in Don *John* was able without ſtammering to invite the Ghoſts to Dinner with his Maſter; till after I had a little recover'd my ſelf, like a Soldier after the firſt Onſet, and then I began to be as Bold, as a Lover could well be with ſo much Beauty, upon ſo ſlender Acquaintance. 'Twill be a little too tedious to tell you in particular what paſt between us, Kiſſes and kind Words I apply'd with Eagerneſs, which on her part were received with a becoming Coyneſs. After we had prattled away, and ſpent a little time in theſe ſort of Love-Toys, we determin'd to take Coach, being Holyday time, and go up to *Highgate*; propoſing in our Journey to be greatly diverted with the humours of the Mob, as we paſs'd along the Road, it being a Seaſon of the Year, when Petty-Tradeſmen and their, Wives, Prentices and Servant Wenches, Attorneys Clerks and School-Boys, Journey-men Shooemakers, and Taylor's with their Mates, Soldiers with their Trulls, in ſhort, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, all have recourſe into the Fields, to recover the ~~poor~~ out-lying Alehouſe-keepers from the hardſhips brought upon 'em by the paſt Winter. As ſoon as we had fitted our ſelves with that Love, as well as Lazy Convenience, a Coach; I handed in my Miſtreſs, and taking the

advantage of her Stride, bleſt my Eyes with a Glance of her Green Silk Stockins, and pretty Pettitoes, which my Chops water much more than the Cutting of a Lemon; and made my Heart go pit-a-pat, like a young Girle's that had ſtumbled in an Alley upon a pair of Active Lovers recreating themſelves by Moonſhine. Having thus put our ſelves in order to proceed our little Journey, for varieties ſake, I'll give you the remainder in Verſe, in hopes it may better pleaſe the Reader.

Our Charioteer, now mounting in his Box,
*Hey-up*, he cry'd, his Jades ſtood ſtill as Stocks,
He Slaſh'd, and Cut, and Curs'd 'em, with a Pox.

With true Horſe Language, and the uſe of Thong,
He, forc'd at laſt, his Hungry Tits along,
Who when once ſet on going, Ran ding dong.

Thus with his pair of Hide-bound *Skeletons*,
He drove us ratling over *London* Stones,
Almoſt to th' Diſlocation of our Bones.

In little time, to *Iſlington* we came;
For Cakes and Ale, a Town of Ancient Fame;
Which to this day's frequented for the ſame.

Where Whiffs ſo Sav'ry did our Noſtrills Fan,
From Cakes, Eel-Pies, and Tarts in Patti-Pan,
Like Twelf-tide Air, in *Wood-ſtreet* newly drawn.

At ev'ry Door, as we the Town paſs'd thro',
A basket of hot Buns was ſet in View;
No doubt but ſome within were Butter'd too.

Thoſe ſet without were to make Children Cry,
Or Tempt the well-ſown Longing Mothers Eye,
Who can't without a Pot and Cake go by.

Peaſants in Streams did out of *London* Ebb,
And tho' each Scoundrel had his homely Drab,
The Cock took care to Nurſe the bawling Squab.

The Wife ſhe Trotted after on the Road,
Scolding at ſomething had Diſſention ſow'd,
For Marry'd Clowns can ne'er agree abroad.

Some in old *Oliverian* Coats were clad,
With narrow Skirts, and little Buttons made;
And at their Backs their good Wive's Pattens had,

Each

Each Crop-Ear'd Prentice had his, walking Mate,
To Kiſs, and Toy with, o'er an Ale-houſe Treat;
And make the Pleaſures of his Walk more Sweet.

With theſe the Roades were fill'd on ev'ry ſide,
Ungainly Cloth'd in all their *Eaſter* Pride;
The Men Walk'd faſt, the Wenches ſtraddled Wide.

Some Clambring over Hedges, ſome o'er Stiles,
Some Girles their A——s ſhew, the Men mean whiles,
Came after peeping to provoke their Smiles.

All hurry'd on, I wonder'd at their haſte,
Or what entic'd 'em to go on ſo faſt,
The Reaſon I reſolv'd to know at laſt.

We Kiſs'd and Toy'd, and Merrily Jogg'd on,
My Miſtreſs kinder and more free was grown,
To me all Modeſt Favours now were ſhown.

Like *Quality* we Sported at the *Rout*,
And when we pleas'd, Contemptibly look'd out
Upon the Sweating Slaves that walk'd on Foot.

Sometime drew up our Saſhes made of Tin,
To hide from Vulgars Eyes Loves Toys within;
And when we'd done, we dropt 'em down agin.

Our minutes might have been much more improv'd,
Had ſhe, like me, without Diſcretion Lov'd;
Her Vertues were too powerful to be mov'd.

By now to th' Bottom of the Hill we came,
The Horſes Cough'd and Groan'd to ſee the ſame;
And at its height grew very ſick and lame.

The Coachman light to give his Carrion eaſe,
They pull'd till farted to their Driver pleaſe;
And now and then dropt down upon their knees

For all they kneel'd, his whip he would not ſpare,
But Cut 'em up, and Curs'd the Lazy pair;
And in his Thoughts pray'd backwards for his Fare.

No Loaded Waggon in a ſoft deep Snow,
And drawn by Oxen, could have mov'd more ſlow,
Enough to've tir'd the Patience of a Beau.

Before we'd Conquer'd half our Riſing way,
He fed his Starvlings, with a whiſp of Hay.
Drawn from a Bag beneath his Coach-Box lay.

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At laſt the Jades with heavy ſtriving drew
Their Luggage to the top with much adoe,
Where we the Ancient Village had in view.

I gave my Miſtreſs Welcome to the Town.
Manners, with Love, in one ſweet Kiſs was ſhown.
Leſt ſhe ſhould take her Courtier for a Clown.

No Countrey Fair, where Crowds of Swains reſort,
To meet their Laſſes, and Contend in ſport,
Could be more full, or did their Mirth fall ſhort.

To eaſe their tired Limbs, ſat here and there,
Upon a Verdant Plat, a Loving pair,
Kiſſing and Toying in the open Air.

Others were Crowded into Ale-houſe yards,
Some Slaving were at Nine-pins, ſome at Cards,
Whilſt *Taylor*'s occupy'd the Shuffle-Boards.

Some into little hoop-ſtick Arbours crept,
The Parents Tipled whilſt their Children ſlept,
And Maudling Wenches with their Sweet-hearts wept.

I ask'd the meaning of theſe num'rous Trains,
And found the Giddy Crowd took all this Pains,
To ſee the *Finchly* Murd'rer hang in Chains.

To the high Tavern, where the Genrry meet,
We went, which could not yield one Slice of Meat;
Nothing we found but Cake and Cheeſe to Eat.

This Rabbles Fare, with us would not go down,
I offer'd for ſome Mutton-Stakes a Crown,
But could not get one Chop throughout the Town.

Is this, ſaid I, a Village of ſuch Fame,
For City Cuckold to refreſh his Dame,
Pox take your famiſh'd Town; ſo back we came.

FINIS.

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